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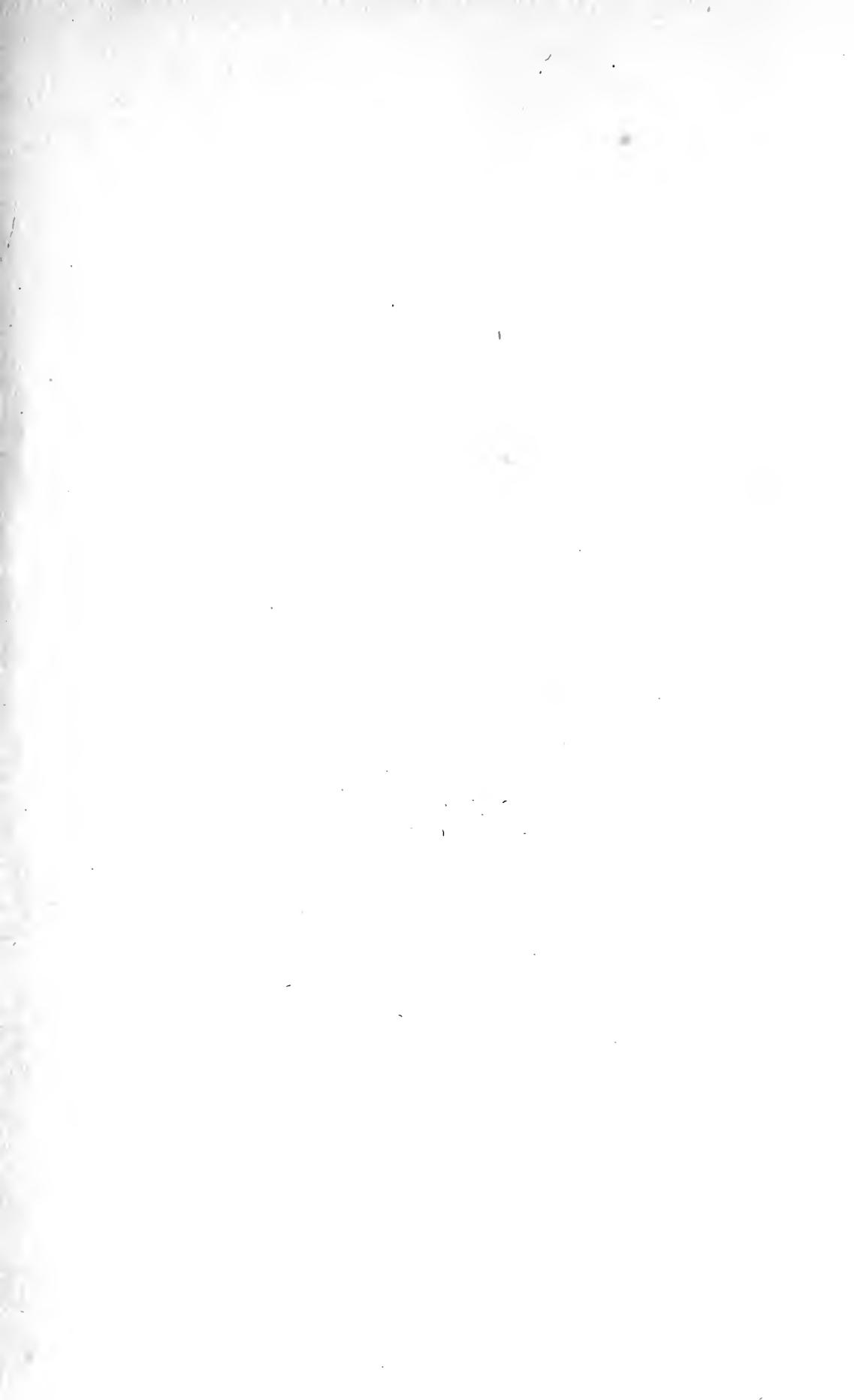


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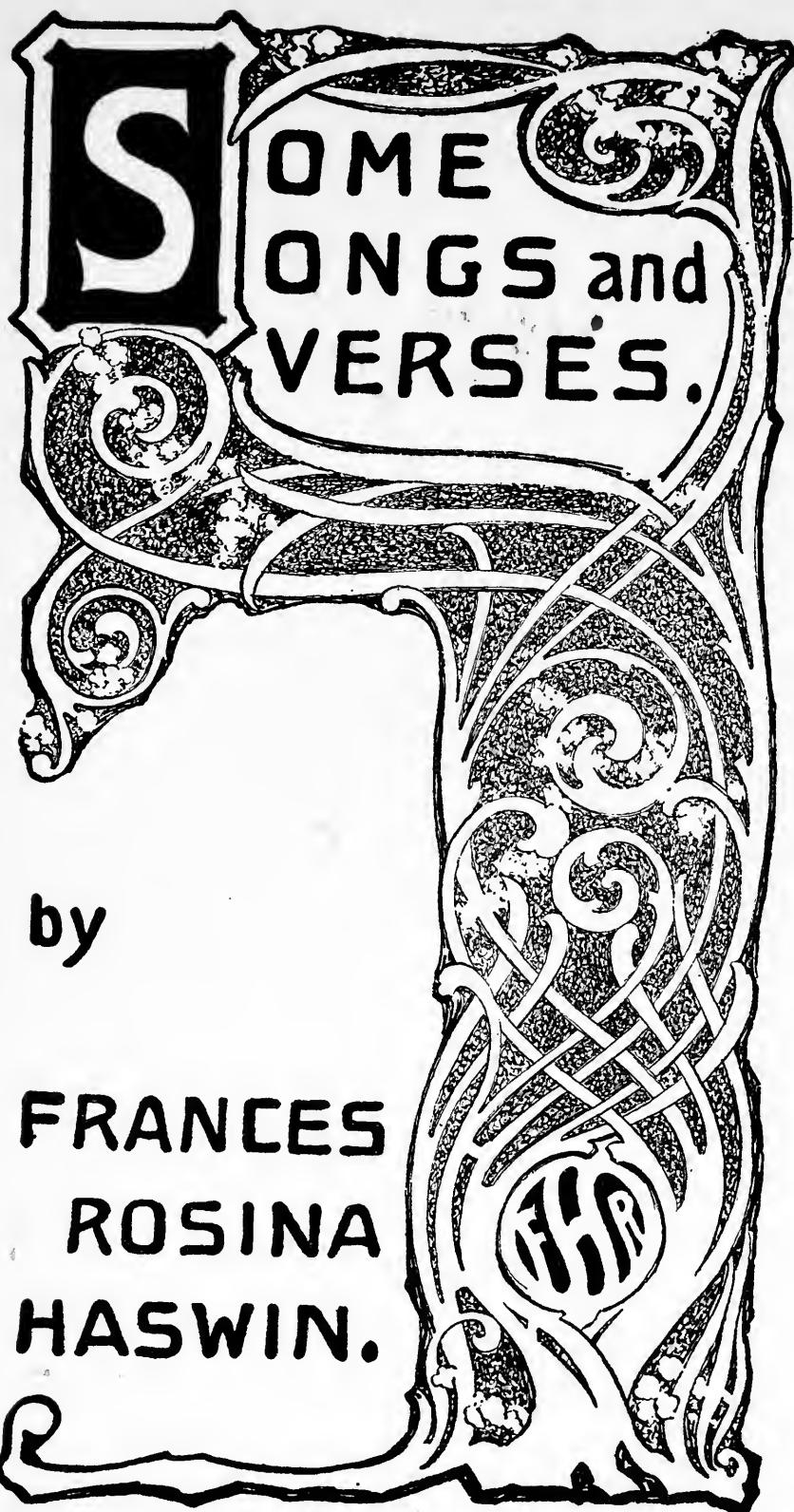
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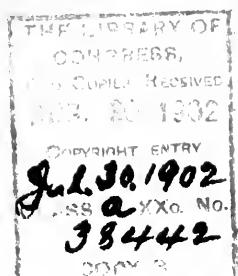




by

FRANCES
ROSINA
HASWIN.





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Of two things one may be certain, Christ love
and Mother love.

To my Mother, the most loving, sympathetic and
unselfish woman I have known, I dedicate this book.

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First Edition, July, 1902.**

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THE WEST WIND



HE wounded deer seeks his haunt in the brake,
The startled bittern her nest by the lake,
And I aweary on alien shore
Pine for my prairie land once more.

No narrow limit of stone-walled town,
No noisy streets running up and down,
But limitless reaches of earth and sky
And the fragrant west wind loitering by.

Oh, to lie on a bed of wild flowers spread,
Flowers at my feet and flowers at my head,
To hear the life in the grasses nigh,
And feel the west wind passing by.

To watch the dash of the summer rain
As it sweeps o'er the billows of ripening grain
That rise and fall like waves of the sea
At the breath of the west wind, wild and free.

Rain-drops glistening on every blade
The rainbow's glory o'er hill and glade,
Life and freshness in every place
And the kiss of the sweet west wind on my face.

Oh, west wind, bear to this eastern room
The odor of clover's purple bloom
Gathered from fields and my far-off West,
My prairie country beloved and best;

Bring to my heart 'mid the heat and strife
A breath of that broader, freer life,—
Oh, sweet west wind, blow high, blow low,
Bring me my dreams of long ago.

THE WOMAN ACROSS THE WAY



My windows open to southward
And the sun shines in all the day;
Her windows look out northward,
My neighbor's over the way.

My windows are draped with curtains
Of lace like a filmy spray,
She has only shades of linen,
The woman across the way.

There are diamond rings on my fingers
That over the casement stray,
I have never noticed any
On the lady over the way.

But what cares she for sunlight,
This woman over the way,
When a baby face illumines the place
Like the sun of a summer's day?

What need has she for curtains
 Of rare and costly lace
When the light falls through a golden mesh
 Of curls round a baby's face?

Jewels are plenty for money,
 But cold to the light that lies,
Reflecting the image of souls that met
 In the heaven of a baby's eyes.

As I sit alone in the twilight
 And the dusk comes down, I pray,
“Dear God, keep her treasure safe,
 For my neighbor across the way.”

A L O N E



LONE when the day is dawning,
Alone when the night dews fall,
Under the veil at the bridal,
Under the funeral pall;
Behind impenetrable barriers
To work out its life of dole,
From the first faint cry, till its hour to die,
Is the doom of each mortal soul.

First tender thought of the mother,
Who brings us forth in pain,
As she looks in the eyes of her offspring
Some clew to its soul to gain,
“Of what is my baby thinking
With that look intent, and wise?”
But ever remains the mystery,
And never a voice replies.

Alone is the child in its sorrow
Over the broken toy;

Alone is the stricken lover
Mourning a vanished joy;
Alone is the bride at the altar,
Alone the bridegroom stands
With his hidden life between them,
That, and their plighted hands.

Alone lies the wife with the canker
Of blighted hope in her heart;
Alone is the husband dreaming
Of balked ambition's smart;
And so from the birth to the burial,
From the first to the latest breath,
In crowded streets, on lonely steeps,
The soul goes alone till death.

A LAST TOAST



ERE'S to the day that is passing away,
 Drink, drink—
Here's to the light, drowning out in the night,
 Drink, drink deep,—
Here is to yesterday, youth and the dream,
Here's to to-day, drifting fast down the stream,
And here's to to-morrow, the end and the sleep;
 Drink, drink deep.

Here's to a love that was faithful and true;
Here's to the friend that was loyal we knew;
Here's to our past and a prayer at the last;
 Drink, drink deep.

Here's to a love that was hidden from sight;
Here's to a dream that was lost in the night;
Here's to a faith that was killed by a blight;
 Drink deep and forget.

To the heart that is true, and its false love too,
 Drink, drink—
Here's to Life, here's to Death, and the last sobbing breath;
 Fill it up, drain your cup,
For the last word is spoken, the bubble is broken;
 Drink, drink and sleep.

G O O D - B Y E , O L D H O U S E



LD house, dear house! whose sheltering arms
so long
Have held us through the summers safe from
harm;
Whose echoes answering back our jest, and
song,
Have joined our hearts to yours; you've kept us warm
When wintry tempests swept the lowering sky.
Good-bye, old house, good-bye!

You've heard our merry shouts at Christmas-tide;
You've seen our joyous hours of childish mirth;
You've felt our tears that fell for one who died;
And in the night, beside the lonely hearth,
I've heard your staunch old timbers sob and sigh.
Good-bye, old house, good-bye!

When apple blossoms fell about your eaves,
When earth was sunshine, and our lives were May,
When all the birds of June sang through the leaves,
We did not dream to wander far away.
No more my step shall wake your welcoming cry,—
Good-bye, old house, good-bye!

T H E B A T T L E



HERE was rumor of warfare and battle,
There were stories of triumph and fame,
There was music and waving of banners,
And thoughts of a glorious name.
I longed for the musketry's rattle,
The shrill-calling, pulse-quickenning fife,
That makes the blood heat to the passionate beat
Of the drums calling on to the strife.

And the frenzy of youth for the conflict
Was a rapture that tore me like pain,
And the passion that leads men to conquest
Was running aflame in each vein;
I heard all the pulses of being,
Like voices that called me to bring
My strength to the strife; to the battle of Life,—
And power, where Glory is King.

But now that the battle is over,
The titles and shoulder-straps won
By those who march homeward in triumph
With banners that gleam in the sun,

Where—where are the real Victors?
The Heroes who could not yield?
With glassy eyes upturned to the skies
They lie where they fell on the field.

Ah! Where breathes the peace of the meadows
From over the flower-covered lea?
O'er whom falls the soft-brooding shadows
That lie 'neath my own orchard tree?
For the clamor and clash of the battle,
The glory and life of the fight,
Are only for those who conquer—
Not for those who lie dead in the night.

WITH LOVE AWAY



CANNOT write, I cannot play,
There's nothing left worth while to say;
The house is empty, dull, and cold,
I feel as I were growing old;
 My Love's away.

The clock ticks on like solemn fate,
It's hands but point the hour of eight,
But time goes by on leaden feet,
There's nothing left worth having, sweet,
 With Love away.

I restless wander to and fro,
My footsteps echoing as I go;
The soul of music all has fled,
And every grace and joy seems dead
 When Love's away.

O Love! dear Love! bring back to me
My heart and soul that went with thee;
Bring back thyself, my day, my light,
Let no more fall so black a night,
 With Love away.

A SONG



HE years they come and go, Love,
Writ in flowers and snow, Love,
 In laughter, tears, and pain;
Yet each but brings us nearer
The heart that has grown dearer,
 We part to meet again.

We know the years will fly, Love,
All too swiftly by, Love,
 We say "auf wiedersehn;"
But hearts cannot dissemble
And foolish lips will tremble
 Though we part to meet again.

So life will slip away, Love,
In sunshine of the day, Love,
 In shadow and in rain.
With faith through nights of sorrow
In a happier to-morrow
 We part to meet again.

CLEOPATRA TO ANTONY



F we woke to radiant summer,
 You and I;
Woke to hear the Nile's soft murmur,
 You and I;
Woke to see the lotus falling
 On the tide;
Woke to hear the boatman calling;
 At our side;
Would we deem it dreaming,
Or believe the seeming,
 You and I?
Would the sudden light awaken
 Us at last?
Would the present be forsaken
 For the past?
Would we dare that life of pleasure
 'Spite its fame?
Trust our heart's pure treasure
 In its flame?
Burn our souls with passion
In the old barbaric fashion,
 You and I?

A F T E R T H E W E D D I N G



ID you ever see two birds on a bough
Looking into an empty nest?
When the skies are dark of an autumn day,
And no birdling to nestle against the
breast?

How they'll try to chirp as if it were June,
And the flowers a-dance to the songs they sing;
But the air is wintry, the day's out of tune,
And they miss the birdling from under the wing.

Oh Father! who watches the sparrows fall,
Who gives us our babies, who makes them wives,
Who guards and cares for the birdlings all,
Bless and protect them through all their lives.

M Y L I G H T



HOUGH I should die to-night,
And lie in gloom
Beneath the darkness of the funeral pall,
One golden gleam of light
Would pierce the darkness of the lonely room

And light for me the new, mysterious path
My soul must take
To find the future where no shadows break
The glorious sunshine of eternity.

That ray of light so sweet,
Would make all pain
Fall out of memory, would bring again
The spring flowers 'neath my feet.

Within that ray of light would there be song
And perfume, and the long,
Sweet summer night
Of lovers. That ray of light,
Your love for me, dear heart,
The balm for all Life's smart,

The recompense for all of Life's untruth,
The music and the pulse of all Earth's youth.
That glorious ray of light! my sun and moon,
My morning, night, and noon;
The one thing I could carry on my way
Into the vast Forever from to-day.

T W O D A Y S



HE world seemed flooded with the light
Of radiant sunshine. All was bright;
I saw no clouds, nor dreamed at all
That rain might fall.

My heart was like a golden mote
Within a sunbeam set afloat;
My cup of bliss held naught of gall,
Or tears that fall.

I felt thy tender lips on mine,
And life was like a draught of wine.
Now lowering skies hold Life in thrall,
And rain-drops fall.

Though with thy presence goes my light,
And loneliness falls like a blight,
The great, good Father guards us all,
While tear-drops fall.

A N G E R



HINE eyes are like the sunshine
Within a summer sky,
That calls the flowers upward,
And birds as they fly by;

That makes all nature brighter,
And life a happy song,
That blesses, warms, and gladdens
A world the whole day long.

Alas! that lightning flashes
Should cleave so fair a day,
Carrying fear, and terror,
And driving joy away.

Alas! that from one's heaven
Should fall so fierce a dart—
To blot out all its sweetness,
And slay a loving heart.

THE BIRCH TREE'S MESSAGE



LET perfume sweet from my heart arise
To bring you a dream of your childhood's
skies;
Of dashing trout streams tumbling down
The granite hills to the quaint old town;
Of deeper pools where the shy fish lie
Hid 'neath the shade of my branches nigh;
Of boundary lines of lichenèd grey,
Showing a patience that day by day
Reaped the stony growth from the fields,
And rejoiced in the blessings freedom yields;
Of dells where the beechnuts silent drop,
Where chattering squirrels love to stop
For a toothsome meal; where winds scarce blow
To rustle the boughs that are bending low.
There are pines on the slope of the western hill,
And wintergreens on the edge of the rill;
There are partridge berries softly red,
Shining from out the mosses spread;

But you know it all with a heart of a lover,
For you played, a child, 'neath my sheltering cover;
And now, with my leaves all lying low,
I send you this greeting, o'er winter's snow,
Writ on my bark in a hand you know.

INSUFFICIENCY



NLY to die and be forgot,
To fall in that sleep where dreams come not.
Weary of all the travail of life,
Weary of strife;
Tired of vainly trying to do
Only that which is noble and true,
Heart-sick with failure, faint by the way,
Spent with Life's day.
Stung with remorse for careless words spoken,
The censure that crushes the heart that is broken,
Reaching forever toward impossible things,
Clinging to earth, yet longing for wings
To mount to the heights the Spirit has gained
In exceptional hours when fancy has reigned
Supreme o'er life's level of hope and despair.
Dreaming of all that is sweetest and best,
Waking again to the pain and unrest
Of self-disappointment, insufficiency known
When the hope and the vigor of youth have all flown.
Weary of all the travail of life,
Weary of strife;
Longing to die, and to be forgot,
To fall in that sleep where dreams come not.

R E G E N E R A T I O N



Y feet are still stained with the mire of the earth,
My heart bears the scars of its laughter and mirth;
But my soul has escaped from its sin and despair,

Caught in a snare of your golden hair.

I would dash in the torrents that maddest flow,
I would welcome the fires that fiercest glow,
To wash and burn from my soul each stain
That lies forever betwixt us twain.

To place on thy mouth my first pure kiss
With lips still sweet from my mother's breast;
To feel the rapture and heaven of this,
With no shameful memories to bring unrest.
To look in the depths of your steadfast eyes,
And fear no secret within my own,
As purest waters reflect the skies
With never a shadow across them blown.
To look in your eyes with love alight,
To feel the thrill of their tender gaze,—
To know your love is the star of my night,
Leading me upward with shining rays.

A M E M O R Y



BROAD, bright room, with ceiling low,
Bathed in a Winter's sunset glow—
Within a Summer's atmosphere,
Without, an air, keen, frosty, clear,—
Within, sweet flowers of beauty rare

Made outer snow-drifts seem more fair.

A table generously wide

Held books and papers, and beside

Our father sat with gentle mien.

Some memory fluttered in between

The pages of his book. He raised

Those luminous grey eyes, that praised

With one soft glance whate'er was good;

Looked out across the sunset-crimsoned snow,

Thought as a poet will of streamlet's flow

And flowerets waiting for the happy Spring;—

Then heard, as in a dream, the sleigh-bells ring,

The crunching snow beneath the beat

Of homeward-speeding horses' feet;

Withdrew the thread that caught in memory's loom

And then again was with us in that room.

R E G R E T



ITHIN my throat lies hushed a cradle song,
And I, who longed to sing but lullabys,
Must teach my voice a measure far more
strong
For songs 'gainst wrong—no lullabys.

Within my breast there beats a mother's heart,
But on its whiteness rests no baby's face.
The barren fig-tree cursed has left its smart
Upon my heart. I miss my baby's face.

P O S T P O N E D



OU ask if I love this man in the way
I loved you once in the far away?
If my pulses leap again to the fire
That burned in my veins with furnace ire?
If he feels the passion of mad unrest

That used to throb itself out on your breast?
Has he seen my anger aroused to slay
Whatever the creature that stood in my way?
Has he seen the tempest of sobs, and tears,
That marked me a woman of hopes, and fears?
You stand and question me thus to-night
As if the past had rolled out of sight
Forever. As if it could come no more.
Well! Draw the curtain, and close the door.
We two will talk, as we've talked before
In this same room. We can meet no more,
And so it is safe,—and best, you see,
That we understand what our lives will be.
Do I love this man as I loved you?
Again, that question? I'll answer true.
My love for him is a different thing.
A tired bird, on weary wing,
Has faced the tempest, and now seeks rest
Against a loyal and loving breast.
I know no more the passionate pains
Of loving, and hating. My laggard veins
Are too dull to beat to the measured sweet

They danced in those days of fever heat.
Nor would I recall them if I might;
They are foolish, and weak, in maturer light.
We quarreled, and parted, you and I,—
You see I can say it without a sigh.
That other woman! I felt I could slay
Her then. But since I have learned to pray
For pardon for all my sins. What, kill
Another? Now I care not whether good, or ill
One thinks me, if only I live in peace,
And all the passion and heart-ache cease.
Is he content to be loved so?
I've never asked him; I hardly know.
He is kind and gentle; he finds no fault;
I fancy he's not the man to vault
Upon the hobby of a grande passion;
He never wooes me in that fashion.
Nor swears that he will take his life
If I deny him. He asks a wife.
I will wear his jewels, and grace his board;
Preside o'er his house as he can afford;
My talents and beauty are his to command,—
I think that is all he asks with my hand.
And I am content? Don't look at me so!
In your face there's a gleam of the long ago.
Go open the door; make the fire more bright;—
One feels like a ghost in this pallid moonlight.

Hark! Who is it singing that stupid old song
Of "A sigh too much and a kiss too long"?
And what are you doing standing there?
What is it? A lock of my curling hair
That you clipped from my brow in this very room?
It all comes back in this twilight gloom.
It was just such a night as this before,
And the moonlight streaming across the floor
As it does now. And it was long
Before we spoke. But you are wrong
To bring it up now. What? I must know
That I was mistaken? Ah! Don't speak so!
We quarreled, and parted, you and I;—
She told me you loved her. You say 'twas a lie
She forged to part us? And I believed
It true,—turned from you? I was deceived?
Don't come so close? I can't take your hand!
If I did, I should—you don't understand!
I must, and shall hear what you say?
You command in the old imperious way.
My blood leaps to answer the call in your eyes
That smile down upon me—my heaven, my skies!
My soul stands again with your own face to face—
As did those two in Eden, the first of the race.
And I never loved anyone in the same way
As I have loved you;—as I love you to-day;—
And the passionate madness of sweetest unrest
Is beating again in my heart on your breast.

THE AWAKENING



HEN tender speech falls off to "Yes" and
"No;"

When Life has lost the early sunrise glow;
When every strain of song we pause to hear
Is broken by sharp discord to the ear;

When Love's sweet sacrament becomes but one
With flesh and sense, the dream of Life is done;
The cherub with the blindfold eyes has fled
And left but Rue to lay above the dead,
And all is done.

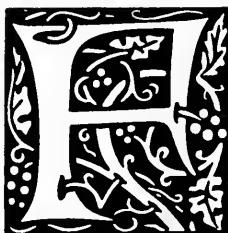
UNREQUITED



HE end had come and the people said
“A singer is gone, a poet is dead.”
They covered with roses from head to feet
The woman whose smile was rare, and sweet,
While friends and strangers together wept

Over the bier where a genius slept.
They crowned her with laurel wreath of fame;
They sculptured in marble and granite her name;
But the man who had lived in her heart alway
Was careless and gay on her burial day.

A M B I T I O N



OREVER at my side a voice is calling
Upon my soul to rise and stretch it's wings,
In cadences upon my ear soft falling,
Her sweet, seductive song the Siren sings.
She sings of heights whereon the sun is shining,
And paths thereto where blossoms strew the way,
Where willing hands the laurel intertwining
Reach to crown the victor of the day.
She sings the song that sets our pulses beating;
Her voice has called men Poets, Martyrs, Kings;
And this same song through centuries repeating
Holds all the names with which Earth's story rings;
And through all ages still her power's the same;
Her name's Ambition, and her song is Fame.

A RECOGNITION



Y life had grown strangely restful;
I had governed my wayward heart
Into semblance of something colder;
For time softens many a smart.
I could live for weeks forgetful
Of eyes that once thrilled my soul;
I could love, and hate, above the grave
Of a passion, beyond control
In the olden days, in happier ways.

But a flash of recognition
From eyes now coldly bright,
That once had beamed with loving
And tender, passionate, light,
Has set my pulses beating
In a fever of mad unrest,
Has filled my soul with longing,
Has robbed my life of zest.

And I know there is no forgetting
A dead Past's fond desire;
Though smothered in years of regretting,
It lives an eternal fire;
And neither in light, nor darkness
Can I shut out thine eyes;
They burn in my memory ever
On earth, and sea, and skies.

N E M E S I S



HE snow comes down like a winding sheet,
And covers the cold, dead earth,
Without is no sound of coming feet,
Within is no laughter of mirth.
The wind drifts in at window and sill,
The darkness creeps on apace,
My hearth is cold, my heart is chill,
And I dream of a vanished face;
Of passionate eyes that smiled in mine,
Of lips that burned my own,
When life was filled with Love's new wine,
Ere the madness of youth had flown.

* * *

Outside, the blinding snow falls fast,
On his lonely grave on the hill—
I dream of days in a far off past
In this room so empty and still.

* * *

I never loved you,—and yet—to-night,
Did you stand at my lonely door,
I would welcome you into the warmth and light
Of my heart, forevermore.

H. B. M. O B I I T , 1 8 9 7



HE wren has a nest at my window,
The thrush sings aloud from the vine;
All Nature a-bloom waits Thy coming
To gather her roses a-twine.
And shalt Thou not come? Oh fond Lover
Of sunsets, and birds, and of flowers?
Shall they sing and blossom through Summer
And Thou walk no more in their bowers?

T O D E A T H



THE fever of Life burns hot in my veins
And I long for Thy cooling hand.
The noise of the strife drowns the music of
Life,
Oh! give me the quiet land.
Kiss down my eyelids heavy with tears,
Still the heart that is weary with fears,
The empty, quivering hands let rest
Over your sheltering breast;
Come Thou and claim my latest breath,
Hasten, oh Lover, Death!

A THOUGHT



OD'S loom is spread above our head;
In wisdom infinite and love
He works the pattern from above.

A BIRTHDAY SONG



HIS day it is so glad, Love,
I never could be sad, Love,
The day that gave you birth.
So long we two were fated,
While we impatient waited,
To meet, and love, on earth.

Who knows but we together
Upon some far off heather
May not have walked of yore?
In some age long forgotten,
Of other race begotten,
Have met, and loved before?

And was the dream completer?
And was the living sweeter
Than any we have known?
Or in the soul's beginning
Was there passion, Love, and sinning,
Was there joy, or woe, my own?

In my dreams I often hear you,
While I listen very near you,
Speaking in a softer tongue;
While 'neath tropic sunshine lying
Are flowers, whose fragrant dying
No poet ever sung.

But now, no longer parted,
Our lives grow stronger-hearted,
And sorrow yields to mirth:
For, Soul of mine, forever
We two shall walk together
To bless thy day of birth.

A PURPLE GILLIFLOWER



HAT memories of childhood's days:
The sound of bells over frozen ways;
A scent of popcorn in the air:
The winter moonlight, faint and fair
Across a room whose hearth's bright glow
Sent rosy gleams e'en where the snow
Lay drifted to the window sill.
No matter whether well, or ill
The night behaved, no spot of gloom
Was there within that home and room.
Without the snow might fall and drift;
The wind rave furiously and shift
From north to east, from south to west;
Within was love, and peace, and rest.
Each spark ignited on that hearth
Has sent a light across the earth
To guide our wandering feet.
Who paints these pictures dear and sweet
That hang in memory's hall?
A fragrant apple does it all—
Such simple things past days recall—
A purple gilliflower.

A FRAGMENT



HE Prince and the Peasant must bow to Fate,
But alas, for a love that comes too late,
For the sapling may bend to the tempest's stroke
That scatters the flowers and rends the oak.

A FAILURE



E thought to make himself a name,
He strove to gain an honest fame
With the talents that God gave.
But loitering through a Summer's day,
He stopped to gather by the way
Some flowers for a grave.

And then his babies' evening song
Beguiled him as he passed along,
And voice of loving wife
Recalled him for a little space,
To smile into her tender face
Forgetting worldly strife.

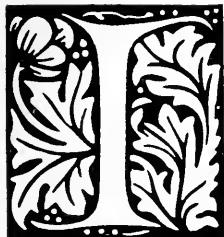
A brother creature struggling long
'Gainst adverse fate, and cruel wrong,
Reached out appealing hands.
He gave him sympathy for pain;
He helped him courage to regain,
Ne'er counting Time's swift sands.

He spoke a brave word for the right,
 He struck a blow with all his might
Against false custom's chains.
 He owned a weakness of the heart—
He sometimes wanted for his part
 More pleasures and less pains.

He paused to watch the flying spray
 Of ocean when the dying day
Was flaming in the west.
 He wondered as he paced the strand,
And heard the discord in the land,
 If dreams might not be best.

And while upon the road he went,
 The sunshine of his life was spent,
Another grasped the prize;
 And all too soon his journey done—
“A Failure,” was the name he won,
 But God sees where he lies.

A REQUEST



N the name of a hope that forever has fled;
For the sake of a love, that alas! is not dead;
And because life is sad, and haply not long,
And endeth some day like a break in a song;
And because on eternity's uttermost shore

Who knoweth if we may meet evermore;
Oh grant me this boon,—for a moment's brief space
To dream the old dream, when we two face to face
Knew the meaning of Life.

Let me look in your eyes; let me feel your warm palm
Clasp mine with the strength that brought infinite calm.
Again let my head rest soft on your breast
Forgetting the present, its pain and unrest,
Once more on my lips press the rapturous kiss
That brought us of old all of Heaven, and bliss;—
Then farewell; alone I will go from the light
Of your eyes, to my path that leads onward toward night.

H O P E L E S S L O V E



IS a madness I know beyond reason,
A folly as deep as despair;
A poison to ravish my senses
While I struggle in vain in the snare.

HOMESICK



HE west winds blow o'er grasses low,
Bringing thoughts of a land I know,
Where maples are flaming in red and gold;
Under the Frost King's reign of cold,
There circling hills are dim and blue,

Bathed in the Indian Summer's hue;
And prairies wide, as the restless tide
That beats on the white sands at my side,
Stretch far and away, all brown and grey,
To meet the sunset line of day.

The roses are blooming tall and fair,
But I long for a touch of the keener air,
For the limitless reach of earth, and sky,
That lie forever before the eye;
For hill, and valley, and woodland glen,
For the dashing stream in the mossy fen.

The west winds blow through grasses low,
Where I lie and dream of frost and snow.
My soul grows weary of languid heat,
And I pine for the sound of the driving sleet;

For the sweep of the wind through branches bare,
As it scatters the leaves in the wintry air;
But the blossoms sway, and the birds at play
Will sing through the livelong summer day;
While I sigh, as I lie 'neath the sunny sky
Watching the lazy clouds float by.
For the land where the leaves must flame, and fall,
With the glory of Autumn over all.

YOUR LIFE AND MINE

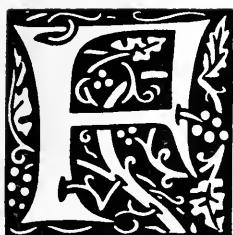


S one who stands on a mountain
And looks on a valley below;
Seeing the grandeur around him,
The gleam of eternal snow;
While below the thick clouds gather,

Hiding from keenest sight
Woodland, and field, and meadow,
And the sky-born stream in its flight;
Forgets that the snows about him,
Melting beneath God's smile,
Are feeding the river that floweth
Through the vale for many a mile;
Sees not the weary yeoman
Tilling his stony field
Secure in faith that a harvest
The generous earth will yield;
Thinks not the noisy torrent
Leaping o'er rocky falls,
Rushing with loud complainings
Between its earth-worn walls,

Turbid, and soiled, with travel
O'er many a miry bed,
May water seed that shall blossom,
And fruit, when we lie dead.
Thus you, unseeing my pathway,
Would have me walk as you,
But both of us are God's children,
And I trust He will lead me too.
And the avalanche slide of your mountain,
With its tons of glistening snow,
May join the spring in my valley
When it melts in the river's flow;
And the flake that flashed on the utmost peak,
And the dew that fell in the rose
May reach the ocean together
In the twilight of Life's close.

S I E S T A



ANNED by the breath of roses in the air
My brain lets go her moorings, and I feel
My bark slip downward on the velvet stream
of dreams.

In through my senses drowsily there steals
The restful murmur of soft waves upon the shore.

The lazy ships that pass, their sails sun-kissed,
Are woven from the warp of Fancy's loom.
Upon this stream, that bears in sweet content
Both sad and joyous hearts, I rest serene.
Oh blessed sleep! Oh blessed visions! Ye
Are but the touch of angel's wings upon the brow.

L A S T N I G H T



NLY last night, your eyes upon me beaming,
Brought back the radiance of Summer skies,
Only last night, upon your fond heart dreaming,
I found again Love's rapturous paradise.

A VALENTINE



Y sweetheart! My valentine!
I would send a little line,
Full of thoughts I can't express;
But I think this little tress
Lately severed, may find speech
To tell thee, more than words can teach,
Of the days that come and go,
And the heart that loves thee so.

It will say, "This weary head
Finds Thy heart its softest bed,
And when pillow'd on Thy breast
Ever feels its sweetest rest;
How it aches for Thy caress,
Thy dear voice of tenderness,
And the kisses of Thy mouth,
Sweet as dew-drops after drought."

It will say, "The written letter
May be sweet; but speech is better;

And thy pictures on my wall
Are but shadows after all
Dull, and cold, and incomplete.
All the room seems empty, sweet;
Enter thou, thy radiant face
Fills with sunshine all the space."

Oh! to feel this silence broken
By a word thy lips have spoken,
Would be like the glorious waking
When the early dawn is breaking,
And the lark that's heavenward winging
Fills the universe with singing,
And our hearts leap up to hear
The herald of the summer near.

At the distance 'twixt us twain
Why should not my soul complain?
For thy presence makes complete
Every hour wherein we meet.
Thou wert born to bless my life,
Thou wert born to be my wife—
Tenderest, truest heart of mine!
My sweetheart! My valentine!

H A U N T E D



HY come the dreams of the morning
When the day dies in the west?
Why come the visions of Spring-time
To rob the Autumn of rest?
 Oh Youth that is fled!
 Oh Love that is dead!

And why when we stand mids't the harvest
And count our garnered sheaves,
Do we long for the odor of May-day flowers,
The rustle of opening leaves?
 Oh vanished days!
 Oh dream-lit ways!

The thrush still pipes from the stubble,
As he gathers the scattered grain,
But we list for the song of the nesting-bird
That called through the April rain;
 In the happy past
 That fled so fast.

Must ever the voice of Memory
Sound like a broken string
That snapped with the stress of melody
It's passion strove to bring?
 Oh heart of mine
 Spilled is the wine!

Must every flower that blossoms
Hold in its fragrant breath
A subtle potion of madness
That wooes to a perfumed death?

 Oh haunting eyes!
 Oh fair June skies!

Must we sit in the chill November,
In the sobbing wind and rain,
While all the ghosts of our past arise
And tap on the dripping pane;
 And hear them call
 Through the rain-drops' fall?

Is never the hope of a moment
Free from the clinging past?
Is never the joy we are clasping
Ours to hold to the last?

 Poor ghosts! I pray
 Away! Away!

Can ever the hand that is grasping
Ours with a warmth divine,
Ward from our souls the shadows,
And cheer us with Love's strong wine?

P A I N



NE ever constant comrade must I own;
One who never leaves me quite alone;
One, who through the watches of the night
Has counted with me all the hours till light.
When I am weary, soul-sick, heart and brain,

Who wooes forgetfulness as soon as Pain.

I lose all memory of time and place,
Held in the passion of his fierce embrace.
No lover ever showed more jealous care;
I may not for a day my presence share
With others, free from his companionship.

True, we have quarreled, and I've struggled long
Against his might; but he is more than strong.
So I have yielded to the power of pain,
Knowing that only Death can part us twain.

R O S E S A N D V I O L E T S



ROSES and violets all the way,
Showers and sunshine all in a day;
Youth and Love is the dream divine
Warming the blood like a draught of wine.

* * * *

Faded the violet, fallen the rose,
Sad is the day at Summer's close,—
Youth has flitted and Love has fled,—
Roses and violets over the dead.

THE LIVING HARP



ULL threaded, with its strings of gold and
bronze,
It stood, an unawakened harmony.
No fingers yet had swept to echoing life
The strains imprisoned in its slumbering
strands.

Its sounding-board, from heart of virgin wood,
Had answered to no thrill of joy or woe;
Had felt no fiercer passion than the night wind's sigh.
Unseasoned and untried, a latent soul,
It slept; nor dreamed of life, or death.
One bright Spring morning, flushed with Youth's new wine,
I swept with eager hand its clashing strings;
And straight it answered back my merry mood,
And leaped, and laughed, and danced, because of life.
And then I stirred its soul with martial beat,
With sound of fife, and drum, and marching feet.
So when I found it quick to catch my whim,
I sighed a love song through its shining wires
That caught the ear of many a listening swain.
Then cradle songs, and softest lullabys,
Such as one hears beneath the summer vines,

When happy mothers croon their babes to rest
With fleecy heads upon their snowy breasts.

* * * *

Then hands, not mine, swept o'er the strings,
And tangled the melodies; now soft and sweet,
Now swelling to sharp discords on the ear.

* * * *

It stands within my halls, where as of old
It stood; but time has tarnished all the gold.
The sounding-board has felt the discord's jar,
And lost its truthful surface of response.
The strings have dropped 'neath tears to minor notes,
And, though I search, the tightening key is lost
With which to draw them back to harmony.
A string has snapped; it jangles on the chord.
Yet still it gives forth fitful melodies,—
This Harp of Life that stands within my halls.

G R E T C H E N



WAY in the forest, from tumult and din,
Lived a quaint little maid in a queer little inn.
Her name it was Gretchen, and fairer was she
Than many a maiden of higher degree.
A drawer of water, and hewer of wood

Was the father of Gretchen, who bravely withstood
By his labour the gaunt wolf that prowls at the door,
And follows forever the steps of the poor.
But Gretchen was young, and Gretchen was fair,
And the sun wove a tangle of gold in her hair;
And her father would sigh as he looked in her eyes,
With a prayer that her mother would smile from the skies
On them both. Then he thoughtfully stroked the fair head
Till it seemed 'twas his Lisa, his bride newly wed.
So the father dreamed dreams, as he worked all the day,
Of the past and a youth that had fleeted away;
And his daughter dreamed dreams in her timid young heart,

Such as all maidens do, where the past has no part.
She would be a fine lady in velvet and pearls,
And a hat with long feathers should crown the gold curls.
She'd have soft satin shoes on her little brown feet,
And a carriage and horses to prance through the street.
Then a handsome young knight should come humbly to sue
For her hand, and should woo her as young nobles do.
His hair should be dark, and his eyes must be brown;
And he'd choose her among all the maids in the town
As the fairest one there; and loving her best,
They two would be wed, and forever be blest.
Alas! little Gretchen, such dreams are but vain.
They vanish like dew, and leave us but pain.
Go on with your spinning of bright flaxen thread,
But spin no more fancies within your small head.
There's a blast of the horns, and a clatter of feet,
And hunters, and hounds, in the small, sunny street.
"Here's an inn! Bring us wine!" a thirsty one cries,
And Gretchen to bring them a flagon quick flies.
The thirsty one drained the deep cup at a draught,—
He glanced at the maiden, then softly he laughed,
"I'll hunt here again when I come from the town;"
And Gretchen looked up, and his eyes they were brown.
He saw the soft wonder that grew in her own,
And thought of two stars in the heaven alone.
He saw the gold tangle of sun in her hair,
And never looked down at her feet brown and bare,

But rode slowly away, and for many a day
Little Gretchen had dreams of a knight young and gay.
This story I tell is a century old,
The knight and the maiden are both 'neath the mould;
But a portrait that hangs in a great castle hall
Still shows the fair Gretchen all dressed for a ball;
For the knight in green velvet, with eyes that were brown,
Returned to the maiden, and in the old town
Among all the fair ladies he loved her the best,
And they two were wed, and forever were blest.

M O T H E R H O O D



H heart, that times another's beat,
Look thou thine own be true and sweet
And full of adoration,
To Him who gives to budding tree,
To nesting-bird, and now to Thee
Life's highest consummation.

T H R E E D A Y S



EART, thou must be calm, and strong;
Courage borrow for the morrow.
Think how thou may'st right some wrong,
Or with kindness heal some sorrow;
For thy Love is gone away,
And 't will be a weary day.

Heart, this is a busy day,
How time speeds when duty leads,
And the hours fly swift away.
Time was made for kindly deeds;
I must hasten on their track
For my Love will soon be back.

Quiet Heart! Beat not so fast.
Calmly wait; he comes not late.
Ah! I hear his step at last!
Sweet! my Love! my Life! my Fate!
Hold me 'gainst thy throbbing heart.
Thou and I will no more part.

U N E X P R E S S E D



HE sweetest poem remains unspoken,—
The subtlest melody goes unsung,—
The seal of silence is yet unbroken
On the bells in the steeples of memory
hung.

The heaviest perfume still lies hidden
Deep in the heart of the folded rose,
And the holiest love is that unbidden,
That tongue cannot utter nor lips disclose.

INDIAN SUMMER



HE year grew weary of the languid Summer,
And, fickle creature that she is, sought a new
lover;
A sturdy fellow fond of freshening breezes,
His kisses fragrant with the fruit, and wine
Of his late vintage. But his touch her ardor freezes.
One by one the flowers from out her chaplet she untwines,
And folds herself in mantle of soft grey
Dashed here and there by brightly flashing leaves
That flush, and die in anger day by day.
So warmed by flames of red and yellow fire,
She watches while the glorious days expire;
And, half regretful of the tender lover
Whom she forsook for Autumn, silent grieves;
And falls asleep, and sleeping dreams of Summer.

U N R E S T



O you think the restless torrent
Dashing down the mountain side;
Vexed by rocks within its current;
Bearing down with mighty tide
All before it,—do you think

Leaping on in headlong fashion
That its power repays its passion?
Stand again beside its brink
Down the mountain, far away,
Rocks and chasms over-passed,
Quietly it flows at last
Through the meadow sweet with May.
Peace or passion, which is best?
Strength and power, or blessed rest?

S H I P W R E C K E D



RIGHT gleamed the sun in the morning,
The birds were all in song:
There was never a note of warning
That the day might all go wrong.
There was never a cloud to darken
A radiant Summer sky;
There was never a thought to hearken
To the voice of Fate near by.

And so in the sunny weather
I launched my life's frail boat,
Out of the dew and heather,
Onto the stream afloat;
Oh; but I stepped it gaily,
That day that dawned so bright;
But my bark was built too frailly,
And it perished ere the night.

A U T U M N



HE sumach flames in scarlet,
And the maple's leaves are gold;
The sensuous, dewy Summer
Is a story that is told.
A mist is o'er the meadow,
Its purple laves the hills,
And the longing heart of beauty
This dreamy day fulfills.

But ah! the vanished Summer
With its passionate heat and flowers;
Its hours of languorous sunshine,
Its temper-burst of showers;
Its richest wealth of verdure
That made the earth complete
While it ravished all our senses
With its odors, subtle, sweet.

THE ALTAR OF MAMMON



AKE God from your skies!
Set up your altar to Mammon the Wise!
Mammon, who hears in the clink of red gold
And the rustle of title-deeds crisply unrolled
All the music of life.

True worshippers all, gather round!
While the drums of the market-place sound!
Our offerings shall burn on his altar this hour,
A sacrifice fit to his glorious power
Who has conquered the Earth.
Who serve in the temple of Mammon the Great,
And feed the fierce fires that burn early and late
On his altar? Only those who are blessed
With the greatness of wealth. His priests must be dressed
In the livery of cruelty, lust, and desire.

W. S., OBIIT 1879



H soul so just! Oh soul so true!
Somewhere above empyrean blue
Canst thou not look upon the child
Who vexed thee with her nature wild?

Canst know, however, day by day,
Thy influence upon her way
Has lighted up the stony path
Like golden glow of aftermath?

The lessons that thy strong life taught
Grow into mine in subtle thought;
As gazing up at some tall spire
That over roof-tops, mounting higher,
Still shows us not its height; but seen
Over shimmering fields of green,
Against the evening's sunset bars
It seems to mount among the stars.

I thank thee for thy life so brave,
That strengthens mine e'en from thy grave;
'Cross many a dark and weary mile
I come toward thy approving smile.

T O M Y B R O T H E R



THESE sunny days with opening leaves
Awake my heart, and memory weaves
Full many a childhood dream.
They bring again the pulse of youth:
Renew my faith in love, and truth.

And, like a thawing stream;
They melt away the ice and snow;
Reveal the banks where violets grow,
With sunshine over all.
Upon one mother's snowy breast
Our baby heads first found their rest,
Beneath one sheltering roof we grew,
While happy years like rose leaves flew,
Caught in a summer wind.
We found the way with flying feet
To where the shy claytonias sweet
Were blushing 'neath the sun;
And where anemones were hid,
Upon the banks, the moss amid,
Of a soft purling stream,

We felt as in a pleasant dream
The joyous influence of Spring
Its charms around us fling.
A meadow lark that clearly sings;
A swallow on quick-flashing wings;
The scent of warming earth;
All these bring back my girlhood days,
Our wanderings in happy ways,
Our hours of childish mirth.
And as you wander to and fro,
My heart still follows where you go,
As in the olden day;
When hand in hand we sought the flowers,
Forgetful of Life's fleeting hours,
A boy and girl at play.

W O M E N



Eat Love's bread, we drink Love's wine
As free as the bird who robs the vine;
For the women who dower us twice and
 thrice
Give of their bounty and set no price.

'Tis the woman who feeds you on husks like swine,
Who drugs your conscience with passion's wine;
That asks your birthright in honour's share,
And gives for receipt your soul's despair.

THE CLOSING NIGHT



FEW short days we've played together
On the stage;
We've fared through bright and cloudy weather
For our wage;
To-morrow other feet shall tread
Before these lights to waken laughter,
And we shall quickly be forgot
For those who're after.

And like the scenes so swiftly passed
Away forever,
The hours are drawing to the last
When we must sever.
The last brief speech is quickly said;
The curtain falls, the play is done;
The goal of life is lost or won;
The lights are out, the music fled,
The world laughs on while we lie dead.

P A R T E D



HE days drag by on leaden feet
That lie 'twixt thee, and me, Sweet.
The earth seems but a dreary place,
Lacking the brightness of thy face.
The birds that through the morning sing,

Or upward mount on flashing wing;
The sunset tinting through and through
The crested wave with its own hue;
The moon that floats within the skies,
Its light that on the valley lies;
All these are dull, and incomplete
Without thy loving presence, Sweet.
My nights are dreams of longing pain,
From which I lonely wake again,
To sigh for thy caressing hand
To lull me back to slumber-land;
I miss thy kisses on my face,
Thy lingering lips, and every grace
Of heart and being, that are thine.
My passionate blood impatient burns

Within me, like quick-flushing wine,
That coursing through my veins but turns
My longing into sick desire
For thy fond nature's constant fire.

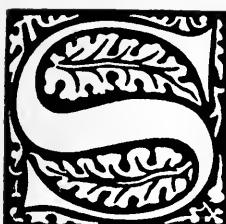
F A I T H



LL night my sleepless head had tossed upon
the pillow,
And I thought: "Life is not worth the living,
so set round
With petty cares and all the trifling things
That women have to do." I longed for larger work;
For wider aims; for strength and calmness like the ocean deep,
That murmured 'neath my window day and night.
I rose and walked toward the strand.
There was no sea in sight, only one great, blank wall of mist.
The sky was softly grey, with flecks of colour
Gleaming here and there, where fluffy clouds hung down,
Their rosy folds caught and pinned back by shafts of golden
light.
And while I gazed the clouds grew brighter, pink and gold.
The great warm sun arose, and lo! a miracle.
From out the gleaming mist a sea was born, a dimpled, smiling
sea,
Reflecting in its flashing curves the roseate sky;
Then as the level beams of sunlight drank
The mist away, it rolled an ocean deep, profound, beneath my
gaze.

The glistening sands stretched far away, all white and wet.
A great grey gull flew screaming overhead, and as he passed
A feather floated down. I picked it up. The tiny, filmy thing
Seemed so absurd a shield against the fierce nor'easter,
And the sweeping seas; yet by its power he soared into the sky.
I grew ashamed; the gull's white wing had brushed from out
 my soul
The doubting mists, and let God's sunlight in. My faith was
 born,
And on its wings my soul too soared into the sky with prayer
 of praise
To Him who had created and still cherished both.

A FABLE



O high her soul soared on Olympian heights
She dreamed herself a goddess, and she built
A shrine. One day a god looked in and straight
She opened wide the doorway of her shrine
And bade him enter there and reign.

She built an altar to him and she gave
The royal sceptre of her woman's heart
Into his hands. Upon his brow she placed
The kiss of love which crowned him all her king.
Then like a loyal subject offered she
The richest treasures of her willing mind.
For him her fingers, love-inspired, wrought out
From senseless strings most subtle harmonies.
Her voice caught melody from out her heart,
Which sang within her like a mating-bird.
Her tongue dropped into rythm and soft speech
With which to rouse, or soothe, or comfort him.
One day came cruel Fate. That goddess stern
Flashed on the shrine the fearful light
Of her infernal mirror men call knowledge,

And she, who faithfully had loved,
Beheld her god a thing abased, all smirched
With stains of sins committed in the dark.
A woman desecrated she beheld herself,
And like as one who feels a mortal wound,
Her heart fell in the dust to rise no more.
The song upon her lips grew hushed and still;
From nerveless fingers melody had fled;
With one sharp cry of pain her life grew dumb.
The lights upon the altar faded out;
Our god swooned on the earth and all was still,
Save one wan ghost, who wandered through the space
And vexed the silence with her useless tears.

* * * *

When in long after years a woman came
Who never dreamed of gods, but who, with eyes
Wide-opened, looked at things by reason's light,
She found the shrine, beheld the swooning god,
And o'er him breathed and prayed with woman's faith.
And lo! from out the dust arose a man;
A man, no god was he bright gilded by
A foolish woman's mad idolatry,
But just a man with virtues and with stains.

* * * *

Our goddess is no more. Long years she prowled,
A haunting ghost about her ruined shrine,
Then faded into nothingness. She lives

Not even in a sigh. Her spirit fell
Upon her swooning god. * * *
She's buried in the nature of the man
Who lives to bless another with his love.
Search high or low, you'll find her nevermore
Among the spirits of the earth or air,
But high in Heaven one poor, lonely ghost
Goes seeking her and asking: "Is she come?"

* * * *

The moral 's plainly this: Heaven is a mist
That hides the cruel truth from loving eyes.
Hell is the branding-iron of knowledge.
The ultimatum is self-sacrifice, which gives
Its self in death to new create a life.

THE RESURRECTION



HROUGH Life's passion week of pain,
Through the hour of sorrow's reign,
Through remorse for sin's dark stain
We wait the Resurrection.

All the world enwrapped in snow,
All the blossoms lying low,
All the streams in frozen thro,
Wait the Resurrection.

Patient souls who suffer loss,
They who cast aside earth's dross,
They who faithful bear His cross,
Wait the Resurrection.

Sorrowing ones, forget your pain,
World, spring into bloom again,
Faithful hearts, He comes to reign,
Christ, our Resurrection.

T H E D E A D R O S E



HE year is slipping away to-night
While I sit by the fading fire,
Whose ashes and embers' dying light
Seem a shadow of life's desire.

Backward, like beads on a silken string,
Fall the years that have come between,
And I seem to feel the rythm and swing
Of Youth when you were its Queen.

I see your face by the fire-light low,
Imperious, passionate, proud,
Your eager eyes and lips aglow,
Alternate sunshine and cloud.

Your cheeks the colour of roses red,
Blushing when day is new;
Your breath the perfume violets shed,
Drenched with the morning dew.

My brilliant Rose with the golden hair,
 My spirit of fire and snow,
Your heart was warm as the August air,
 When birds in the leaves sing low.

Mayhap as the years had sped away
 Life, with its travail and pain,
Had touched the gold with a sadder grey,
 Had drowned the roses in rain.

The smiling lips have caught the droop
 Of grief, and sorrow, and woe,
The dimpled shoulders learned to stoop
 Under adversity's blow.

Yours was the nature to win and hold
 The passionate heart of a man;
To women like you his love is told
 Often in life's brief span.

Yet another fills your place in my life
 Who is far more patient than you,
And I honour and love the gentle wife
 Always tender and true;

But ever and more as the years go by,
 My heart turns back to you,

And I know to-night in the chilling light,
My soul keeps tryst with you.

The embers fall in ashes, bereft
I shiver in wintry air.
Ashes of roses,—all that is left
Of my Rose with the golden hair.

I N I D A H O



OU say I'm a countess,—well, that may be;
But what is a coronet to me?
The only caste that we know out here
Is the bravery of soul that knows no fear.
The heart that can weep for another's woe,
Or send a bullet through treacherous foe.
How came I here? That's another thing.
Where flies the eagle on swiftest wing,
A dove may follow, if it have strength,
Its leader on to his utmost length.
My sire was the eagle that soared above,
My mother the dove that followed for love.
And I grew here as the flowers grew,
They, and the mountains, the friends I knew.
You want my story? You know a part,
And I'd rather forget that I had a heart,
As gentle as any woman may own,
As timid and soft; but that is outgrown.
We women turn sometimes harder than men;
When we have been fools, if we change, 'tis then.

He found me here on the mountain-side,
Untamed as the deer that browse and hide
In the valleys below; as gentle, too,
As foolish, as easy to woo.

“His brown-eyed gypsy, fair and tall,”
He called me, “The sweetest flower of all.”

And we were wed. A happy wife,
I lived with him the old free life
A year; and then the summer skies
Shone up to me from my baby’s eyes.

My little one, so like us both,
It seemed God’s seal upon our troth.
The old earl, dying, sent for his son.
Across the ocean they looked for one.

They did not know of three, of baby and me.
But I would go; and we crossed the sea;
And we were not welcome, baby and I.
Still, for love I bore him, I did try
To bear his mother’s and sister’s sneers,
Who looked on me as a beast one fears,
Yet longs to slay. My lonely heart
I tried to stifle, to play my part.

But he grew cold, and once I heard him say,
When they had taunted him for many a day:
“I know she is not suited to this life;
But I can’t help it, she’s my wife,
And here’s the boy. If she were back again,—

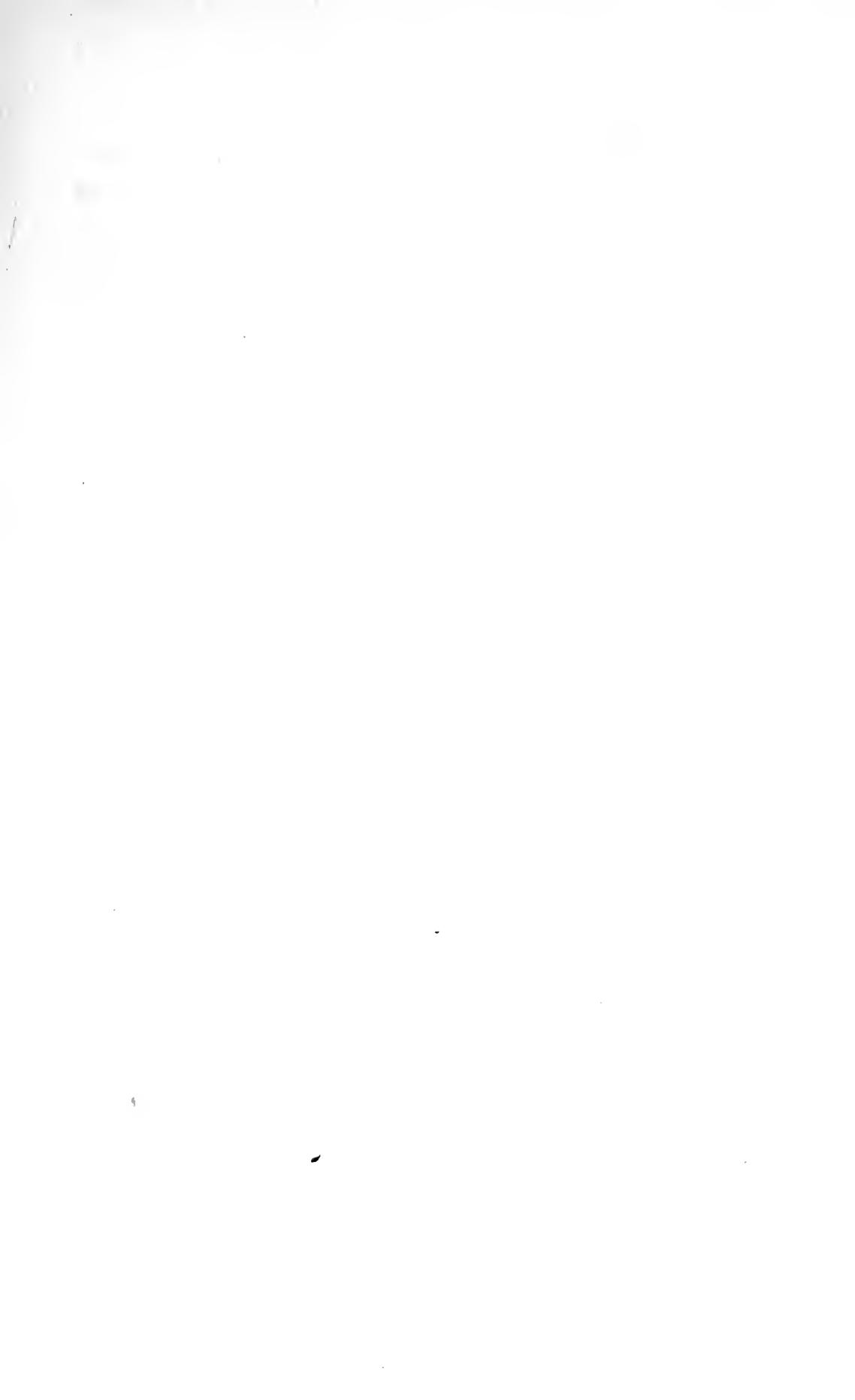
She's quite a different creature on the plain,"
We wild things, reared apart from worldly life,
Have strength to hide the wounds of mortal strife;
Have power to turn and fly without a cry,
To seek some lonely place to hide and die.
I and my baby vanished in a night,
Leaving this nobleman to set his life aright.
Back to these mountains, as unto a friend,
I fled, for they will stand until the end.
Here 'mid these hills my little one and I
Lived on three summers underneath the sky.
He knew no other voice or face than mine,
And his caress was like a draught of wine
To my scarred heart. And when my son
Was five he sickened, faded,—died.
I buried him far up the mountain-side,
A fleecy cloud hangs over it all day,
Hiding the woman's heart I laid away
Within that little grave.

Sent for me? Yes. A stranger came,
Asked for a woman by my name.
"Milord was lonely,—he loved her still;
He wanted his boy,—Milord was ill!"
What did I tell him? This: "You must know
That woman died five years ago."
"And the boy?" "Is buried with her, he and she

Have a monument in that cloud you see.
Go back to your lord in his castle hall,
Say, Your brown-eyed gypsy, fair and tall,
The sweetest flower among them all,
By rude transplanting broken, died,—
Flower and seed on the mountain-side.”

And that is all. The story 's told.
It's nothing new. The theme is old.
Yes, they say I'm rich and have the tin,
My cattle thrive, and the gold comes in.
Will you see those thoroughbreds to-day?
I'd like to show you a splendid bay.
Jim, bring up Antlers! Why not go back?
Does the wounded deer retrace its track
To tamely die 'neath the hunter's hand?
Or a woman driven from out Love's land
Return to be spurned at her lover's feet?
His blood and mine no more shall meet;—
The tame in him, and the wild in me,
Are as far as my mountains from his sea.
No, give me the rush of galloping feet,
The howling wind, the driving sleet,
These harboring valleys far and wide,
And the cloud that hangs on yon mountain-side.

HERE, then, ends Some Songs and Verses by Frances Rosina Haswin, with cover design and title-page by Charles Frederick Naegele, made into this book for Van Vechten & Ellis by Helen Bruneau Van Vechten at The Philosopher Press which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, at The Sign of the Green Pine Tree, being the first book completed in The Log Cabin Shop, finished this nineteenth day of July, MCMII.







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